A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was pulled quickly round.

"See here, young feller, yez take them things, and come out of this right away," exclaimed a loud voice with a marked Cork brogue. He turned to look into the face of an Amazon of uncertain age, with high cheek bones and horse-like teeth, who was thrusting two huge bundles upon him. Her head was adorned with a marvelous imitation of a picture hat which shrieked aloud in its combination of colors. Parker stared at this apparition in dumb astonishment, letting the bundles slip to the ground.

"Well," she said in displeasure, "don't yez know how to trate a lady? Be yez goin' to kape me standing here all noihht?"

Harrison turned suddenly cold. He had never heard George talk much about his family; perhaps this was the explanation. He wondered vaguely if, all Carey's people were like this.

"Miss Dawson?" he stammered.

"Me name is Miss Mary MacSweeney, and I'm the lady as is coming to be help for a woman by name of Wright. Be yez the feller as was sint to meet me?"

"No, I am looking for someone else," he said, overwhelmed by the suddenness of his relief. Still he did not seem to be any nearer to the object of his search. The stout woman had found her husband and had moved away, the platform appeared deserted, and he determined to give up the struggle.

As he passed through the open gate he heard a little shriek, and a girl bumped against him, as she sprang aside to avoid being run down by a heavily laden truck.

"I beg your pardon," she said, and he saw that she was young and very pretty.

"I hope that thing didn't hurt you," Parker exclaimed anxiously.

"Oh! no, thank you, not at all. But would it be too much trouble,—that is, can you tell me what to do with this?" she asked, holding up a trunk check. "You see, I'm not used to traveling alone, and the person who was to meet me hasn't come."

"Then if you will allow me to assist you, I will see to your trunk and get you a cab."

"Thank you, very, very much," she answered, and she smiled. Parker began to feel more kindly disposed towards Carey. This was an improvement on meeting another man's maiden aunt.

"If you're going to stay with friends," he said, "perhaps you would prefer to take the trunk on the back of the carriage with you."

"Yes; I'm to visit relations, and I want to be sure to have the trunk to-night."

When the trunk appeared Parker looked slightly disgusted. Why need these people be in such a hurry? Then he started.

"Great Scott!" he cried; for on the end of the trunk, painted in red letters, he read the name of "Sarah Dawson."

"Why, it's impossible!" he exclaimed; "there must be a mistake."

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"This is not your trunk; they have taken the wrong one."

She looked surprised, then offended.

"Why, of course that's mine; why not?"

"You must pardon my mistake," he said, humbly, "but if you are Miss Sarah Dawson you must be George Carey's great-aunt. I thought that you couldn't possibly be old enough, but if you are, George sent me to meet you, because he has a sore throat and can't go out."

The girl stared at him in perplexity; she was wondering whether this young man was quite in his senses. This direct gaze was very disconcerting to the shy Parker. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the note.

"You see it's all right," he said, miserably, "and you know that I couldn't possibly recognize a lady that I had never seen." He felt like a fool and was quite sure that he looked one.

As the girl glanced at the paper, her face